

CBC

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

APPROVED  
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CODE  
  
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# ROCKY LANE

NO. 66

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

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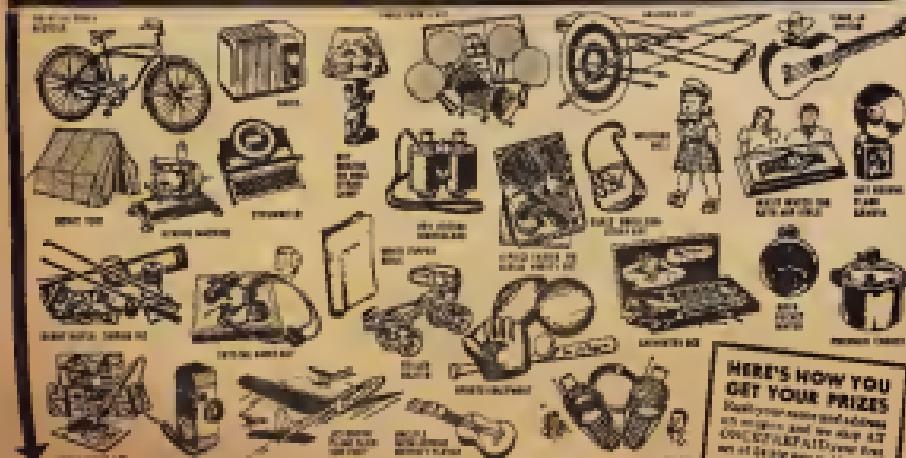


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## **ROCKY LANE WESTERN**



Every effort is made to insure that these units complete within the required quality of minimum achievement.

*Alfred G. Long*

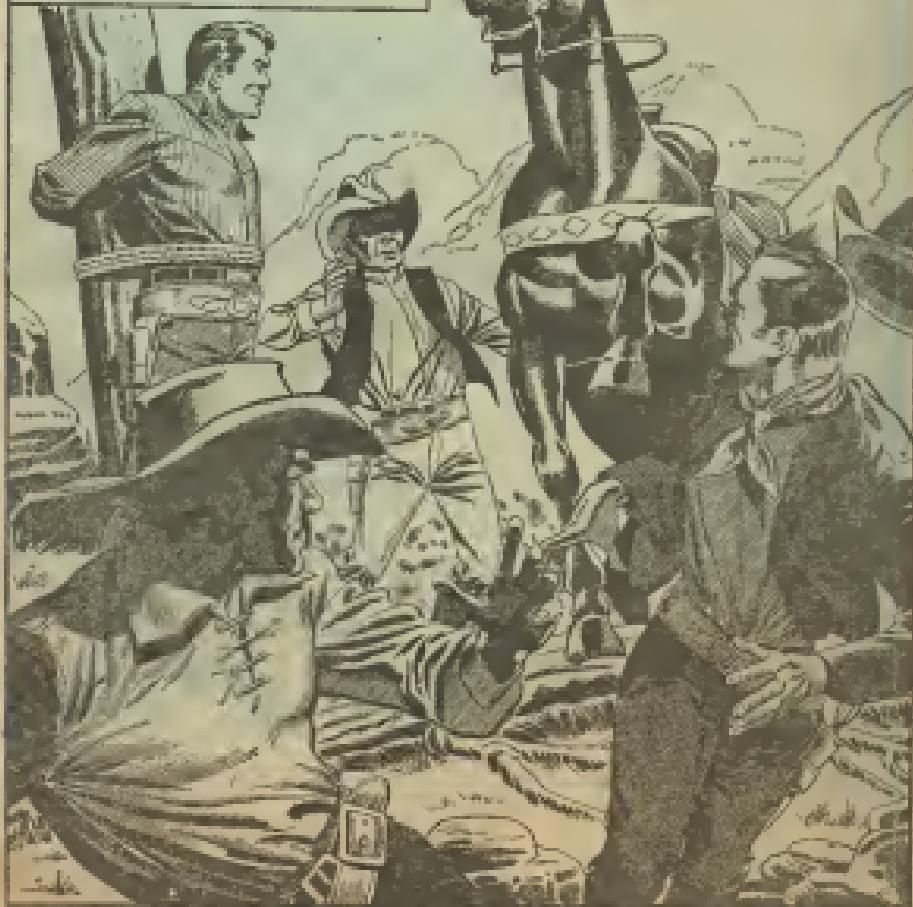
# Rocky Lane

MOTION PICTURE AND  
TELEVISION

**IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME, BOBBY LANE  
HAS CROSSED THE TRAIL OF BOTH A VILE  
MURKIN AND TAUGHT HAS TO DEFEND  
THE LAST, BUT THE FIGHTING SECRET AGENT  
MUST BUTCHER THEM AND SECURE BOTH THE  
MOST DANGEROUS FORMULATION OF DEADLY  
TRICKERY THE MURKIN HAS KILLED.  
**THE CHAMELEON KID!****

THE  
*CHAMELEON*  
KID IN  
DEATH SETS A  
TRAP!

CHAPTER ONE



DATE ONE NIGHT SECRET  
MARSHAL ROCKY LANE IS DRIVING  
THROUGH THE SADDLE MOUNTAIN  
COUNTRY !

FASTER, BLACK JACK !  
I WANT TO GET TO  
DEERHORN TONIGHT !  
I'VE TAKEN THE  
CENTRE OF ALL THE  
TROUBLE THAT'S BEEN  
REPORTED IN THIS  
AREA !

WAIT ! THERE'S A FIRE DOWN  
THERE IN THAT DRAW ! THAT'S A  
STRANGE SPOT FOR A CAMP  
WITH DEERHORN SO CLOSE !

A MIGHTY ROUGH LOOKING BUNCH  
COLE WHITERS AND RIP BOWER --  
TWO OF THE WORST OUTLAWS  
IN THE TERRITORY ! BETTER  
CHECK ON THIS !

WELL, WELL ! ROCKY  
LANE ! HOWDY,  
TIM BADGER ! WHAT  
CAN WE DO FOR  
YAH ?

JUST ANSWER A FEW  
QUESTIONS, RIP. I'M KIND  
OF CURIOUS ABOUT WHY  
YOU AND COLE HAVE  
STRAYED SO FAR FROM YOUR  
USUAL STAMMING GROUNDS.

YOU ASKED YOUR  
QUESTION, LAWMAN !  
NOW HERE'S YOUR  
ANSWER :

ALL RIGHT, BOYS !  
WE'RE FIVE TO ONE !  
LET'S GET HIM !

BAM





THE HOTEL . . .

AS I UNDERSTAND IT, PROFESSOR, THE TOWN PUTS UP TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND YOU -- ONE THOUSAND !

CORRECT! IF I BLOW BAH, I GET YOUR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS; BUT IF MY METHOD FAILS, I'LL FORFEIT MY MONEY!



WELL, THAT'S FAR ENOUGH; I FIGURE WE HAVEN'T MUCH TO LOSE! I'LL HAVE OUR MONEY IN THE BANK TOMORROW MORNING!

FINE! HERE'S MY THOUSAND, TO GETTER OUT STARTIN' NOW! BYE -- I HAVE A LOT OF EQUIPMENT TO MOVE IN!

ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!

JUST A MOMENT FRIENDS. ALLOW ME TO INQUIRE ABOUT -- ER -- ANY FEE?

THE NEXT MORNING, ROCKY FOLLOWS THE LOCAL CITIZENS OUT OF TOWN TO WATCH THE BAAKEMAKER!

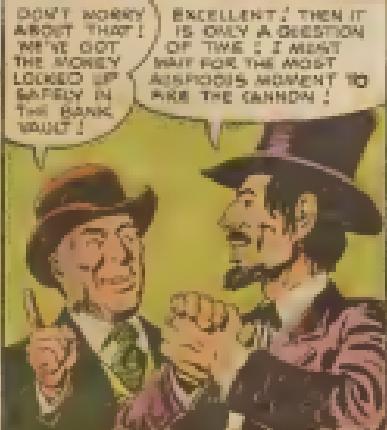
LOOKS AS IF HE'S SETTING UP CANNONS ALREADY THAT HILL, SHERIFF!

CANNON! I SAY, HE DOESN'T THINK HE'S GONNA MAKE IT RAIN THAT WAY. DOES HE? COME ON, I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! WE'VE GOT THE MONEY LOOKED UP SAFELY IN THE BANK VAULT!

EXCELLENT! THEN IT IS ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME; I AMN'T WAIT FOR THE MOST SUSPICIOUS MOMENT TO FIRE THE CANNON!



GET DOWN! GET DOWN! GET DOWN!

OH, RIP! LET'S MOVE FAST! WE'VE GOT ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO SET UP THE DYNAMITE!



YEH! AND THEN THAT TEN THOUSAND IS OURE!



RUNMAKER :  
HAH, HAH,  
HAH!

THAT WAS THE RICHEST  
THOUSAND THIS TOWN EVER  
PIGGED UP! THAT RUNAWAY  
HORSE MUST BE PLUMS  
LODO!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF. THROWN  
ME MONEY AWAY LIKE THAT  
JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE!  
I WISH I KNEW THE ANSWER!



BUT BACK IN TOWN ----

SHERIFF, QUICK! SOME  
GUNHOOFS BROKE INTO THE  
BANK AND BLASTED THE VAULT!  
THEY'VE GOT ALL THE MONEY  
WE PUT UP FOR THE  
RUNMAKER!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND  
IT, ROCKY! IT TOOK A  
MIGHTY POWERFUL BLAST  
TO SP. THAT WALL OPEN!  
WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD  
IT EVEN UP ON THE HILL!

YOU'RE RIGHT!  
BUT WITH THE  
PROFESSOR'S  
CANNONS GOING  
OFF... HMM?



HEY,  
ROCKY!  
WHERE'S  
TIN DODGE?

TO CHECK UP ON THAT RUNMAKER.  
SHERIFF: SEEMS TO ME HE WAS  
A LITTLE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT HIS  
TINNING WHEN HE FIRED THOSE  
"CANNONS!"



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, ON A SIDE TRAIL --

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THESE  
DISCARDED CLOTHES AND  
ABANDONED CANNONS PROVE  
THAT THE RUNMAKER WAS  
IN GUNHOOF WITH THE GANG  
WHO BLASTED THE BANK!





# SAGEBRUSH



SEE?



ROCKY LANE ALSO APPEARS  
IN SIX GUN HEROES

ROCKY LANE appears in the six Six Gun Heroes comic strips. He is a cowboy who is always getting into trouble and causing mayhem. He is often seen wearing a blue shirt and a brown hat. He is a member of the posse led by Sheriff Judd. He is a friend to the other cowboys in the town, but he is also a threat to them. He is a wild and crazy cowboy who is always looking for trouble.

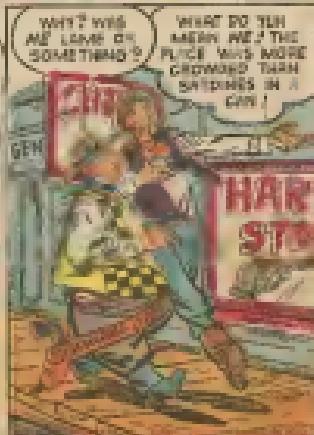
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# DEE DICKENS

IN









REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

and

## THE CHAMELEON KID

CHAPTER TWO - DOOM IN THE DARKNESS

ONCE ABOVE THE  
CANYON FLOOR,  
ROCKY LANE FACES  
DEATH!



CRACK!

THAT  
WIND'S GOING  
TO BREAK OFF  
ANY MINUTE.  
THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING I  
CAN DO!

BY SWINGING LIKE A PENDULUM, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO  
REACH THE TRUNK OF  
THAT TREE.

THAT WIND'S CLOSE! I'LL NEED  
ONE MORE SWING, BUT I DON'T  
KNOW IF THAT BRANCH WILL  
HOLD!

MADE IT!  
AND JUST  
IN TIME!

CRACK!

## MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE CANYON

LANE'S GOT  
MORP LIVER  
THIN A CAT! I  
COME ON,  
LET'S GO  
BACK AND  
GET HIM! I

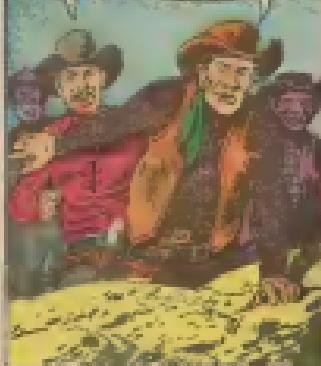
RELAX, RUP!  
AFTER THAT  
CLOSE SHAVE, I  
DON'T IF HE'LL  
TRY TANGLING  
WITH THE  
CHAMELEON KID  
AGAIN!

BUT, BOSS! THAT HOWLERS  
IS TOUGHER THAN A DOZEN  
OF GEEZERS WHEN HE GETS  
WANTED! I  
HELL TRACK  
EM DOWN  
AGAIN FOR  
SURE!

IF HE DOES  
HE'LL FIND THE  
CHAMPION TO  
SEARCH FOR HIM;  
COME ON---  
LET'S RIDE!  
OUR NEXT JOB  
IS WAITING!

BUt ROCKY DOESN'T SCARE  
DADDY, AND SUNSET FINDS  
HIM FOLLOWING THE TRAIL  
STUBBORNLY!

KEEP WORKIN', BLACK JACK!  
THERE'S A RAZOR UP AHEAD;  
MAYBE THE DRIVER SAW THE  
COTTONWOOD WHILE TRACKING  
DOWN!



## ROCKY HEADS OFF THE WAGON AND---

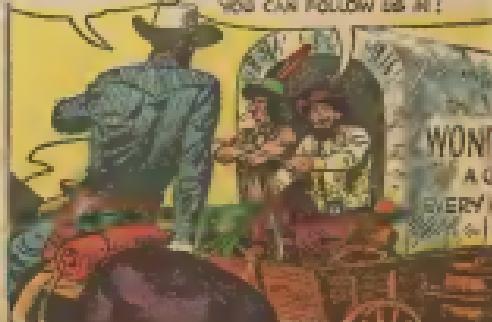
WHY, SURE I SAW THEM HOWLING;  
SAY, IF YOU'RE THAT ROCKY LANE,  
THEY SAID WAS  
TRAILING THEM;  
THEY LEFT THIS  
MESSAGE  
FOR YOU!

A MESSAGE?

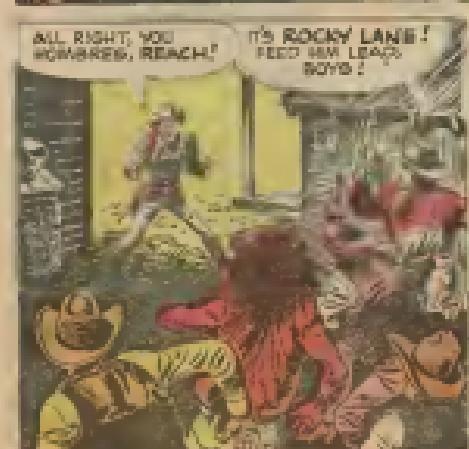


WHICH IS  
THE WAY TO  
COTTONWOOD?

WHY, ME AND CHIEF RED MAN,  
MY ASSISTANT, ARE AIMING TO  
PUT ON A SHOW THERE TONIGHT.  
YOU CAN FOLLOW US IN!







BUT A SILENT FIGURE HAS  
SLIPPED UP BEHIND ROCKY  
AND ---

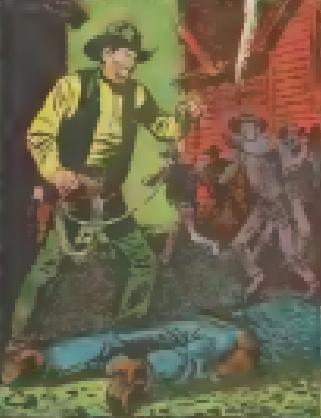
THIS SHOULD KEEP  
YOU QUIET FOR  
A WHILE !

KUNK!

OWW, BOSS!  
LET'S PUNISH  
HIM OFF  
BEFORE HE  
MAKES ANY  
MORE  
TROUBLE  
FOR US !

YOU WORRY TOO  
MUCH, BOSS! THERE'S  
NO NEED TO GET  
FONCH---YET!  
HE'S STILL GOT  
A LONG WAY TO  
GO BEFORE HE  
CAN OUTSMART THE  
CHAMELEON KID!

COME THE SAM SP AND BRING  
HIM UP FRONT! THE REST OF  
YOU COMIN' WITH ME! WE'VE GOT  
TO GET STARTED! THE EXPENSIVE  
FED THOSE SUCKERS WILL BE  
HEARING OFF SOON!



A SHORTER AFTERNOON, AS ROCKY COMES TO ---

COULD THIS AROUND, BOSS?  
GODDAM! NOW  
YOU CAN SEE  
HOW A  
REALLY  
SMART  
HOMBRE  
OPPOSES!

YOU SHADY FOOL---  
CAT! YOU DREGGED  
EVERY MAN IN TOWN  
WITH THAT FAKE  
MEDICINE! AND  
NOW YOU'RE  
PINCHIN' THEIR  
POCKETS!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND SINCE  
THEY'VE ALL JUST BEEN PAID  
IT SHOULD BE A PRETTY  
GOOD MALL! EXCUSE ME,  
WHILE I JOIN MY  
ASSOCIATES

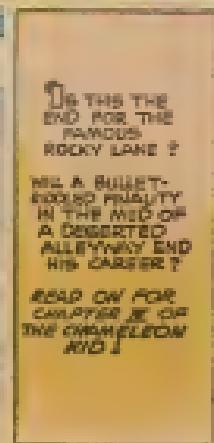
F I COULD  
ONLY GET  
LOOSE!



FRANTICALLY, ROCKY BAWD AT HIS BONDO, BUT JUST AS HIS HANDS  
ARE FREE---

THEY'VE FINISHED THE JOB!  
THE CHAMELEON KID AND HIS  
GUADS ARE HEADING DOWN  
THAT ALLEY FOR THEIR  
HORSES! THERE'S STILL  
A CHANCE TO STOP  
THEM!





# ROPPIN' N RIDIN'

With

*Allen Rocky "LANE"*  
AND BLACK JACK

HONCH, PARTNERS,

IF BLACK JACK AND I SEEM A LITTLE TIRED, IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE JUST COME BACK FROM THE COUNTY FAIR, AND A MIGHTY GOOD TIME WE HAD, TOO. I WAS SURE HAPPY TO SEE WILL FOSTER WALK OFF WITH ALL THE CROP PRIZES HE DID. THERE IS A REAL STORY BEHIND THAT.

YOU SEE, WILL FOSTER TOOK OVER THE OLD PARSONS PLACE, A PARCEL OF LAND ALL THE OTHER FARMERS SAID WAS BAD PARCHLAND AND EVEN WORTH FOR BURNING GOOD STICKS. BUT WILL FOSTER, TELL ME, IT WAS THE WAY HIS PREDECESSORS HAD, TILL HE SAW HE WASN'T GETTING ANYWHERE. THEN HE MENTIONED TO THE OTHER RANCHERS AND FARMERS THAT HE'D SENT AWAY TO THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOR THE LATEST METHODS AND CHAMBIACS ON SOIL TREATMENT. THE OTHER FARMERS ALL Hooted in derision. They said there was but ONE WAY TO FARM A PIECE OF LAND AND IF IT DIDN'T WORK, THE LAND WAS JUST PLUMB NO GOOD.

WELL, WILL GOT THIS MATERIAL, HE WANTED FROM THE GOVERNMENT AND Began using it. TRYING TO GIVE HIS LAND NEW LIFE, ROTATING THE CROPS AND OTHER METHODS. IT WAS SLOW, AND FOR A LONG TIME THERE WAS NOTHING TO SHOW. THE OTHER FARMERS WOULD GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO RIDICLE WILL, THEN ONE SEASON HE STARTED COMING UP WITH SOME FINE CROPS. THE OTHERS CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT. WILL BEGAN RAISING BETTER CROPS EVERY SEASON --- BETTER THAN ANYONE'S. BUT THE OTHERS COULD'NT STICK TO THEIR OLD METHODS OF FARMING, TILL THIS WEEK WHEN WILL WALKED AROUND WITH HEAVILY SWUNG PRIZE AT THE FAIR, NOW INSTEAD OF LAUGHING, THEY'RE LISTENING TO WILL TELL THEM OF THE NEWER METHODS OF FARMING AND SOIL CARE.

SO YOU SEE, PARTNERS, IF YOU'RE PROGRESSIVE, AND NOT AFRAID OF USING NEW, IMPROVED DISCOVERIES, YOU'LL WIND UP FAR AHEAD OF THOSE WHO LAUGH AT YOU. AND YOU'LL STAND OUT AT THE HEAD OF THE CROWD. BUT NOW, BLACK JACK, AND I'LL BE HEADING ON. WELL BE THINKIN' ABOUT ALL OF YOU TILL THIS TIME NEXT MONTH. GOOD BYE, PARTNERS!

YOUR PAL,

*Allen Rocky "Lane"*  
AND BLACK JACK

FIRST PRIZE  
AWARDED TO  
WILL FOSTER





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# GRIZZLY GUARDIAN

YOUNG TIM DUNBAR was scared. He was so scared, that the palms of his hand grew moist and slippery against the worn stock of his forest's Remington.

Every forest sound became a threat that made him shiver and sent his hair rising like a porcupine's quills. He had a right to be scared, for old One-Ear was a killer grizzly—a giant beast that had been slaying ranch stock for the past five years. Every attempt to trap or poison Old One-Ear, or to run him down with hounds, had failed! Cunning and voracious, the huge grizzly had continued to live in the Snow Peak mountain country—and to live at his pleasure, off the sheep and steers of the nearby ranches.

And now—at last—Tim Dunbar, son of a local rancher, had discovered Old One-Ear's hide-out. He crouched, looking at it. It was a deep, dark, evil-smelling crevice in a rock cliff-side littered all about with gnawed bones. Before it, the youth saw the clearly-marked prints of a bear—a grizzly so large that they could only have been made by Old One-Ear! The prints were fresh, but there was no other sign of the presence of the killer beast. Evidently, he was away, on a hunting foray.

"And I've found his den," whispered Tim Dunbar to himself.

"I'll be able to tell my dad and the cowboys, and they'll set an ambush for him. Our stock will be safe at last!"

Turning away, Tim Dunbar started down the mountain slope. He would have to get help . . .

But, no sooner had he gone a quarter-mile down the slope, than he halted. His keen eyes had caught a glimpse of a pile of stones to the side of the trail he was following. They looked strange, as if they had been placed that way recently—by human hands? Quickly, he forced over to the unusual cairn, and started to lift the top rocks off. Reaching the ground level, he uncovered a heavy canvas packet with the letters, "P. and M." marked faintly on it.

"P... and M..." Tim mused to himself, fumbling with the packet in an attempt to open it. "Why, that must mean the Plaza and Mountain Stage! They had a bad holdup down on the highway last week. I wonder . . ."

Swiftly, he tore the packet open and thrust his hand inside.

His eyes grew wide as he felt the contents of the packet, and drew them forth into the light.

"Greenbacks!" It was more money than Tim had ever seen before in his life. "The money from the stage! I reckon the outlaws had to hide it here for a while, figuring they couldn't risk a get-away right after the robbery. But what'll I do with it now? If I try to go down to the ranch with it now, they may see me . . ."

He clutched the packet full of money to his chest, his thoughts racing. If only there was a place he could hide the money temporarily . . . a place he knew would be safe! Where could he put it? Then the idea came to him, and he started back up the mountainside . . .

Half an hour later, Tim hurried back down the slope toward his father's ranch. He had to find his dad and to tell him about the two things he had discovered! Old One-Ear's den—and the loot from the recent stage holdup . . .

But suddenly, as Tim Dunbar crossed a shale-covered stretch of mountainside, he saw two men approaching, coming out from behind a huge boulder. They were big men, unshaven, and they were heavily armed. They eyed Jim with suspicion and separated, as by mutual consent, as he came near them. Then, when he was but a few steps away, they closed in on him.

"Howdy, kid," one of them began. "Where've you been? Hunting deer?"

"N-no!" stammered the rancher's son, feeling the menace in the older man's voice. "I-I was b-berry picking."

"B-berries, eh?" the big stranger mocked. "You didn't see anything else, did you? Anything . . . hidden?" He kept his keen eyes on Tim's face, and he saw the boy change ex-

pressure. "Anything like a packet hidden under some stones?"

The boy began to flush, and he realized that his face was giving him away, under the stranger's suspicious questioning. He could not hide the truth from the men! And if they knew about the money packet, they had to be the holdup men. Quickly, imperceptibly he began to bring the Remington up! They would not take him without a fight!

"Grab him!" one of the men shouted. They dove toward Tim, one man seizing the rifle in an iron grasp, and the other catching the boy by the shoulder and hurling him to the ground.

"Get up!" the man said, pointing the rifle at him.

"The easy talkin' is over! Now we mean business. Soon as we saw you skedaddling down out of the hills, we knew you'd spotted our cache. Now, did you leave it where it was or did you hide it?" Tim Dunbar was silent. "Quack!" the man grunted, slapping the boy sharply across the face. "Where is it? Talk up!"

Flinching from the savage, cutting blow, Tim realized it was no use trying to hide the truth. These outlaws would stop at nothing to recover their hidden loot. He'd have to show them where the money packet was.

"S-stop," he muttered. "I'll tell you I found the money—and I hid it! I reckoned I'd tell my dad—"

—and he'd tell the sheriff, eh?" broke in one of the outlaws. "Not by a long sight! You're taking us to it . . . now!"

Tim Dunbar had no choice. Single file, he led the two badmen up the slope. As he walked, he could feel the rifle pointing at his back—and he felt a desperate drive to fling himself to the side, in an attempt to escape. But he knew that he could not move more than a few steps before they would gun him down. Soon the youth and the two men passed by the littered cairn, where the stage packet had been. One of the outlaws swore bitterly, but the other man quieted him.

"Keep going, lad," he said. "And hurry."

Soon, they approached the dark crevice in the cliffside that Tim Dunbar had seen earlier. He pointed toward the entrance to the cave.

"There it is," he said. "Inside there."

The outlaw pointed with the Remington. "Go in and get it," he muttered. "We'll wait here."

Hesitatingly, Tim started into the evil-smelling den. At first, he had thought it was a good idea to throw the packet in here. He had figured no man would dare come close to the cave of Old One-Ear, until his father and his mom killed the giant grizzly. And then, they'd have been able to reclaim the packet. He reached out a trembling hand and touched the canvas. Clutching it, he started to turn, when he heard a tremendous, snarling roar! It was the fighting cry of Old One-Ear!

Crouching and looking out, he saw a terrifying sight!

The huge bear had been lurking in the underbrush, and had suddenly charged, from a short distance, toward the men who had invaded his territory! In a few giant paces, he reached them and lashed out at them with a tooth-and-claw attack. One of the men was immediately thrown to the ground, the rifle dashed from his grip, and then the bear lunged toward the other man.

Wide-eyed, Tim Dunbar saw the Remington dropping to the ground by the cave entrance. It represented his only chance—and it was a slim one. But he had to take it . . .

Seizing the rifle, shooting from a crouched position in the mouth of the cave, he aimed up at the enraged grizzly. The gun thundered like a cannon in the confined space, and slammed back against his shoulder like a sledge hammer. But he shot again and again, aiming at the grizzly's throat and head. At the first shot, Old One-Ear had shuddered. Baring his long yellowed fangs, he had turned from his other victims toward the boy. But, as he lumbered forward, bullet after bullet had thudded into him! And finally, when he was scant inches from the boy, he staggered forward and fell—dead!

**T**HIM DUNBAR rose, the rifle in one hand, and the canvas packet in the other. Old One-Ear lay at his side—and the two outlaws were moaning on the ground, seriously wounded.

The boy shook his head slowly.

"When I started out this morning," he said, "I aimed to do a little berry picking!" He shook his head. "Two outlaws and a killer grizzly add up to a lot of berries! Great Day!"

Then he started to run down to his father's ranch.

THE END

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR



# Rocky Lane

## and THE CHAMELEON KID

CHAPTER THREE - THE GULF RAID

"ME NEITHER,  
SHERIFF! I SAY,  
MAYBE HE WERE  
WRONG IN SHOOTING  
FIRST AND ASKING  
QUESTIONS AFTER!"

"I CAN'T HELP FEELING  
SORRY ABOUT THIS;  
I NEVER THOUGHT THE  
FAMOUS ROCKY LANE  
WOULD TIE UP WITH A  
GANG OF TURNING  
CHAMELEONS!"

"ON THE CHILL DAWNERS,  
A BULLET-SCARRED BODY  
LIES IN THE ALLEYWAY!"

"HEY,  
SHERIFF!  
THIS MAN  
ISN'T LANE."

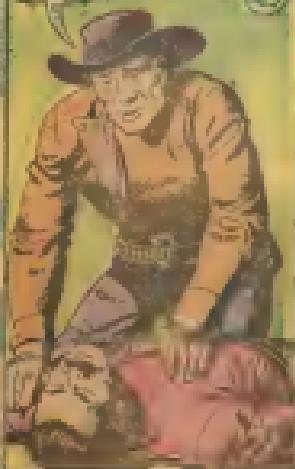
"ANYONE  
LOOKING  
FOR ME?"

"ROCKY LANE?  
EASY, BOY!  
BUT I  
THOUGHT---  
I LET'S TALK  
THIS OVER!"

"A LAMONTON PLATINUM SHIRTLY END."

"IT'S RIP SAWYER,  
ONE OF THE  
GIANTS! HE MUST  
HAVE SPOTTED  
ME WHEN I  
CAME UP THE  
ALLEY AFTER THEM!"

"YEH! I THOUGHT  
I SAW SOME-  
ONE STEP OUT  
OF THAT SIDE  
DOOR JUST BE-  
FORE WE FIRED.  
LIVE DURE, YOUSE  
MIGHTY LUCKY,  
ROCKY!"



WELL, WE'VE GOT ONE OF THEM ! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THE CHAMELEON KID ? FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, HE'S A PRETTY LOOSE HORSE !

YES, HE'S MIGHTY SICK, BUT I HAVE A FEW IDEAS ON HOW TO OUTFLANK HIM ! COME ON OVER TO THAT MEDICINE WAGON !



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A LONG RIDER MOVES ALONG THE TRAIL OF THE GANG ! SUDDENLY . . .

HEY, BOSS ! IT'S BIP ! LOOK WHO'S DOWN THERE !



YAHOO ! HOOHOO, BIP ! WE THOUGHT THEY GOT YOU BACK IN TOWN !

MY CHIEF SEEMS TO BE FOOLING THEM ! WONDER WHAT THEY'D DO IF THEY DISCOVERED I WAS ROCKY LANE WEARING BIP'S CLOTHES AND FAUX MUSTACHE ?



THESE FALSE MINERS ! THE CHAMELEON KID LEFT HERE ARE JUST WHAT I NEED ! NOW IF YOU'LL LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU HOW HE'LL BEAT HIM IN HIS OWN GAME !



WE'RE WITH YOU, ROCKY !

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, BIP ! I WASH GOING OVER THE DETAILS OF OUR NEXT JOB ! IT IS GOING TO BE A RAID ON BUFFALO CREEK !

BUFFALO CREEK ? THAT'S A MINING TOWN, ISN'T IT ?



YEH ! ABOUT TEN MILES NORTH OF HERE, I HEARD THE MINERS ARE SHIPPING A GOLD TRAIN LOADED WITH GOLD TOMORROW !



SOunds GOOD ! BUT A GOLD TRAIN LIKE THAT WILL BE GUARDED -- AND THAT'LL MEAN GUNPLAY !

GLAD TO SEE YOU, BIP ! WHAT HAPPENED ?



NOT THE WAY I PLAN TO HANDLE IT! I'M RIDING INTO BUFFALO CREEK DISGUISED AS A PROSPECTOR! I'LL TELL EVERYONE I JUST MADE A TERRIFIC GOLD STRIKE IN PANTO CANYON!



UP, I KNOW HUMAN NATURE. EVERY MAN IN THAT TOWN WILL STAMPEDE FOR PANTO CANYON!

...AND THE GOLD TRAIN GUARDS, TOO, ISN'T IT?



RIGHT! THEN WHEN THE TOWN IS CLEAR, WE COME IN AND TAKE OVER THE GOLD TRAIN! IT'S AS EASY AS THAT!

I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, KID; I'VE NEVER SEEN HIGHER PEGASUS!



ALL RIGHT, KID! HOW THAT'S SETTLED LET'S HAVE SOME LUNCH!

A PRETTY CLEVER PLAN, BUT IF I HANDLE THEM RIGHT, THE CHAMELEON KID WILL GET QUITE A RECEPTION AT BUFFALO CREEK!



LATE THAT NIGHT, A SHADY FIGURE SLIPS AWAY FROM THE OUTLAW CAMP!

A GOOD THING THOSE GUARDS ARE ASLEEP!



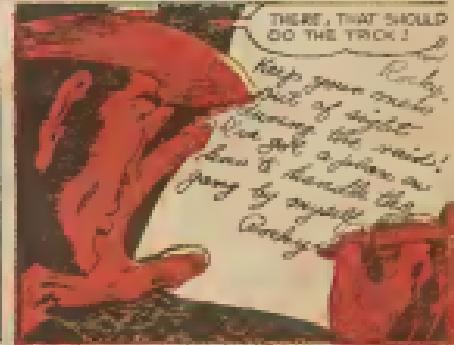
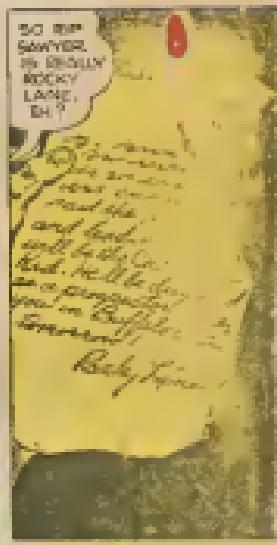
WE'RE IN THE CLEAR NOW! BUT TO BATTER HUNGRY? IF I'M GOING TO GET BACK TO THAT HIDE-OUT BEFORE I'M MASHED!



A FEW MILES DOWN THE TRAIL . . .

THAT'S THE SPOT THE SHERIFF TOLD ME ABOUT THE COTTONWOOD TREES AT THE FORK . . .





A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN BUFFALO CREEK ---

GOLD!  
I'VE FOUND  
GOLD!

HEY, LOOK! THAT GOLD  
SOUR - DOUGH'S  
GONE CRAZY!

CRAZY, NOTHING!

LOOK AT THAT  
ORE HE'S CARRYING!  
HOLY MARY, IT'S  
ALMOST SOLID  
YELLOW!

GOLD!

WHOLE MOUNTAINS  
OF GOLD CREEK  
AT PINTO  
CANYON!

PINTO CANYON!  
THAT'S ONLY  
THREE MILES  
NORTH OF HERE!  
COME ON, GUYS,  
GET YOUR MACHINES!  
WE'RE HEADING  
NORTH!

GOLD!  
GOLD!

ON A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE TOWN IS A GOLD-  
CRAZED MADHOUSE!

GOLD! PINTO  
CANYON! MOUNTAINS  
OF GOLD! WE'LL  
ALL BE RICH!

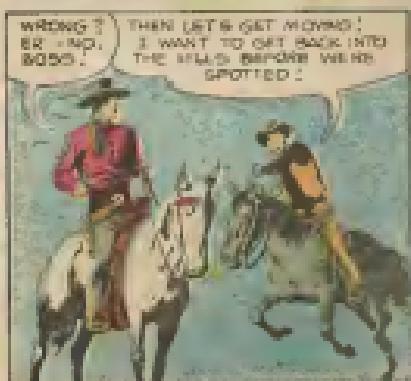
THE PINTER APPROACHED TO THE GUARDS OF THE  
GOLD TRAIN!

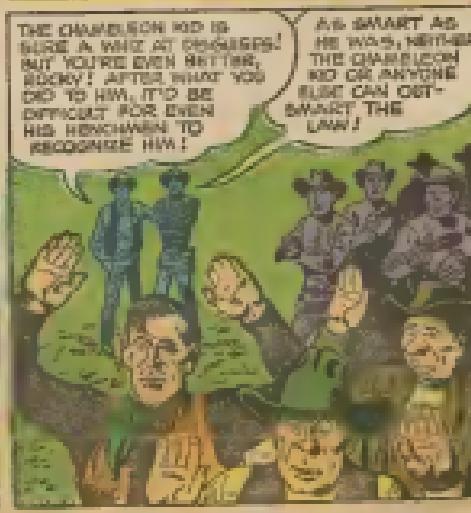
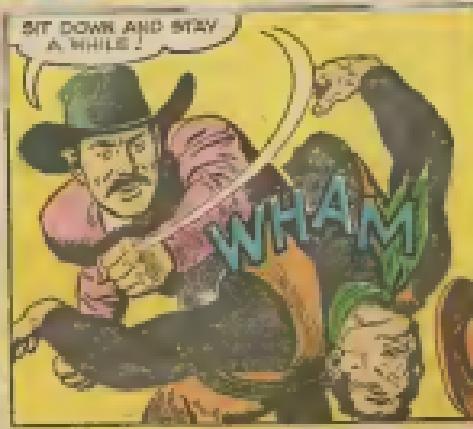
SIR, GUYS, WE WERE  
HIRED TO GUARD  
THOSE MILES! THERE'S  
FIFTY THOUSAND IN  
GOLD IN THOSE FACKS!

AW, THAT'S JUST CHICKEN  
FEED, LURE! COME ON!  
LET'S GET TO PINTO  
CANYON BEFORE ALL  
THE CLAIMS ARE  
STAKED!

HEY, FELLERS!  
I'M COMING,  
TOO! WAIT  
FOR ME!

LOOKS AS IF THOSE POOR  
GUYS TOOK ME BAIT! COME ON,  
I CAN WHISTLE FOR THE  
GUYS NOW!





# gopher face

WHATTA DILLE!



COMING UP: The BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!

## THE BLUE BEETLE

AMERICA'S CRUSADER  
OF  
LAW AND ORDER

10¢ PURCHASE AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER! 10¢



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What do **YOU** want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else . . . just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for **STUART** Greeting Cards. And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthdays and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for year-round use—for just \$1.00. This exciting business really sells itself. All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to **HALF** the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$30.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Cash Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including first-selling assortments on **FREE TRIAL**, and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!



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President of Stuart Greetings,  
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Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

<input type="checkbox"/> Sporting Equipment	Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments on <b>FREE TRIAL</b> .
<input type="checkbox"/> New Clothes	Name: _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Toys	Address: _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Books	City & Zone: _____ Zip No. _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Periodicals	For a while, give me name below:
<input type="checkbox"/> Other	_____

This is the easiest and most diversified way to earn money for Social Credit. Your business potential and opportunity money is greater. P.M., New York



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# THE TEEN TITANS

Starring



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